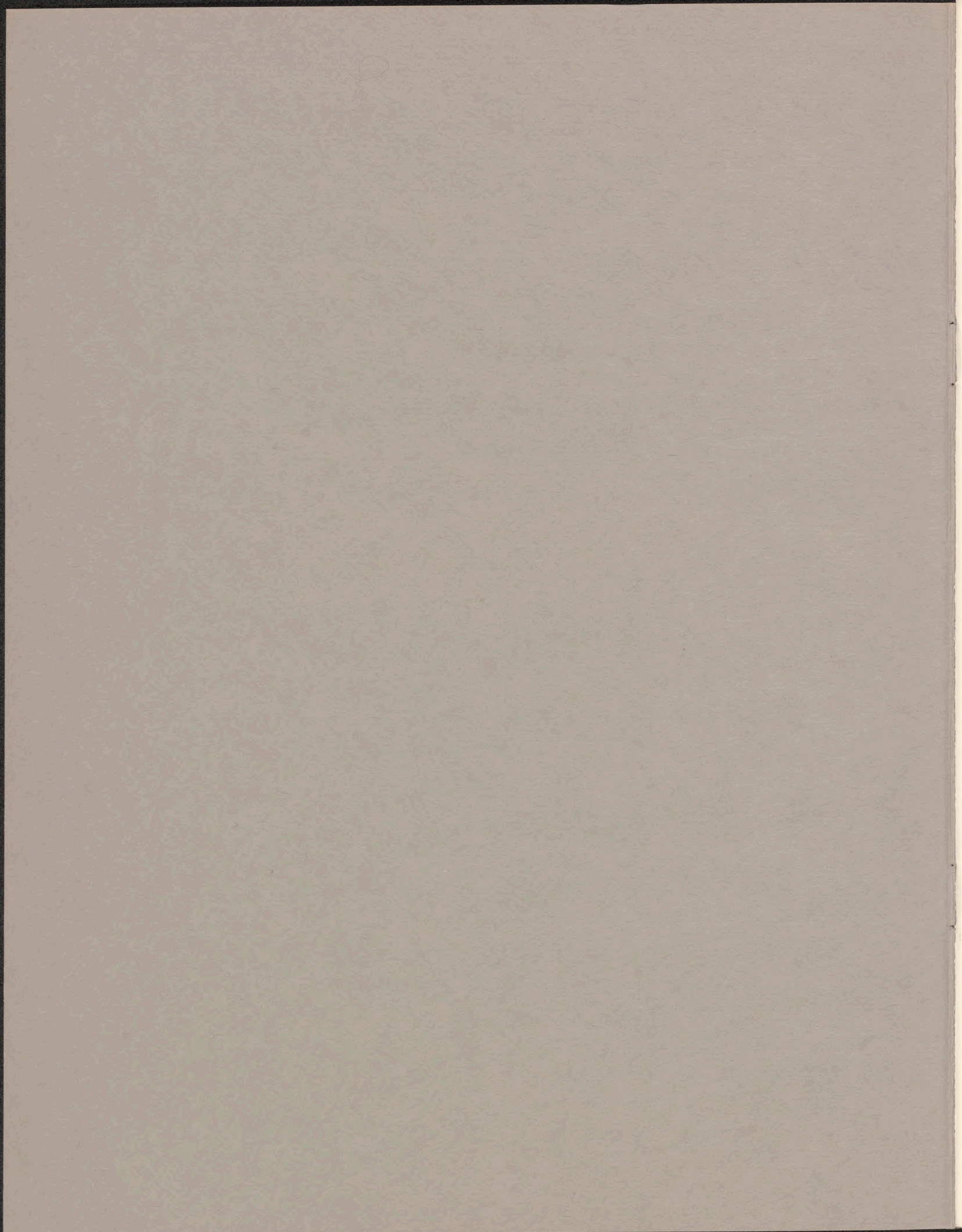



DANIEL BRUSH

KOALD 77: GROUND-SEED, PARA

*idein*



KOALD 77: GROUND-SEED, PARA



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These notes are published together with the first showing of KOALD 77:GROUND-SEED, PARA at the Corcoran Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., July 29-September 18, 1977. I am grateful to Jane Livingston as well as the curatorial staff of the museum for their collaboration in rendering this exhibition.

Photographic Credits

KOALD 77: John R. Tennant  
OBJECTS Daniel Brush

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This collection of notes is provided as a referential context for the five panel work KOALD 77: GROUND-SEED, PARA. It will in no way deal with the theoretical problems of ideation/visual production of this painting; but, will document the philosophies, anecdotes, objects, and emotions present at the time of the idea construct.

sūtrātman

*"thread-soul"* the soul which passes like a thread through the universe (Sanskrit)

Four stages of Nada-Yoga

*from a first vibration*

- |           |   |
|-----------|---|
| VAIKHARI  | a level of audible sound produced by the striking of surfaces or gentle plucking of a string  |
| MADHYAMA  | the interstice formed by heard sound and its inner resonance  |
| PASHYANTI | the sound heard only by the awakened (after Cid Corman, . . . the breath had become so infinite)  |
| PARA      | sound which has passed far beyond the audible, lying deeper than ordinary silence — an inner decibel that is expressed as the unrealized root-sound, or sound potential — a sound with practically no vibration, which has an infinite wave-length. |

KOALD 71: Figure of Eight Shield  
KOALD 72: Day (Vigilance of Twelve Monkeys) Night  
KOALD 73: Abul-Höl (Father of Terrible) – Mist Dream  
KOALD 74: Maher, Like the Tree  
KOALD 75: (Grasping) for the Rings of Infinity  
KOALD 76: Aposiopesis (Sahara), Seeing the Figure

These six works, unshown, were the last ideas that my husband was able to write, moving from top to bottom, with a gesture from left to right, in a single time and visual space frame. The epic of ideas and the restrained feeling of momentum in individual works upset his *modus operandi*.

Unlike the preceeding seventy-six singular ideas, KOALD 77: occupied a time period of close to five months. Although the work is constructed conceptually under one heading, GROUND-SEED, PARA, five subtitles, Episode, Epode, Strands-Gold Air, From Way Back, and Paean were conceived prior to the visual recording. Each panel of canvas measures 114"x84"; this size is the arena/limen for the synchronometric focusing of each line of writing. Moreover, because of the persistent momentum necessary to coalesce each subtitle, a chaptered visual recording occurred on each panel. It must be noted that each color area indicates an individual thought-time passage; and, although the marks are recorded at times in limited areas on the canvas, the concentration always begins at the upper left edge of the panel. This work of five distinct passages became a narrative welded syntactically with time.

OA

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Does ontogeny, in fact, recapitulate cosmogeny?

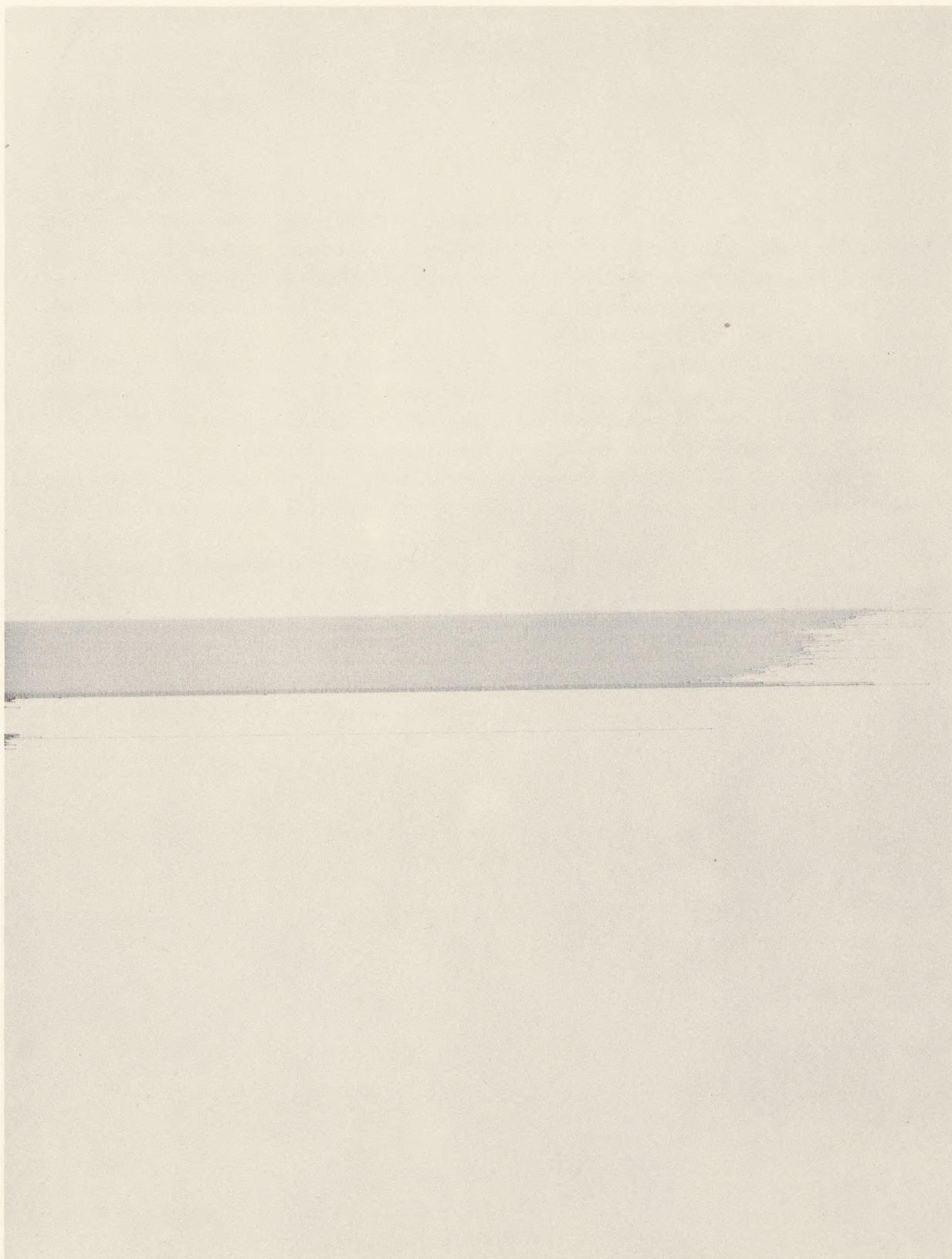
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where to begin, almost embarrassingly I try to record these last hours — why? Olivia is asleep and the view of Le Caire is still thickly hot, literally smoldering right into the Nile this is the first time in almost two days that I could manage an entry, but now I feel so open — damn large, I am downright obese with my feelings, grinning until the walls crack. The day before we were in Luxor spending all the time on the side for life—we had arranged our touring to begin at 6:00 a.m. with heat already climbing in the 80's — we knew that by mid-day it would be an unbearable 125 degrees—our guide, an ageing Egyptian, coughing uncontrollably from his chain smoking had hired a surrey and escorted us to the Karnak temple and then on to the smaller but far more beautiful Luxor temple — the inner court at Karnak built by Ramses II had 134 columns—twelve lotus on the inside and the rest papyrus, built on top of an entirely similar courtyard that also was sixty-seven feet high—presently being flooded by the Nile — We knew all that the guide was saying, but his sound, almost an ageless resonance along with him constantly calling me his son and his beautifully gliding figure—he was the mystery and the scale, and the quietude of the columns — The flight back to Cairo that night and even the long ride past the old city and the citadel and all the mosques and the men and goats and the traffic and noise, smells, and the taxi's damn radio playing modern ballads, the haze, smoke took my mind off Thebes — but I prayed that Maher would remember to meet us the next morning.

He was so happy to see us—God—he is such a bear of a man, yet so delicate—we were so close after three previous days with him—today was on him all planned, he just loved to watch us see his city — After a scheduled tour of the old city and citadel and major mosques, he took us to the oldest Jewish synagogue in Egypt to his close friend the shammes—I am sure he didn't sense my heritage, it was wonderful that no other tourists were there, Maher left us alone with the caretaker as he let us handle the torah—the Metropolitan had tried to purchase it for 2 million—it felt so good to be living with it and I tried to make out some of the words from my studies—the Babylonian embroidered cover was in perfect condition—and the torah's skin was amazingly pliable—then down under the temple to the oldest part—through water and mud to “... this is the place where Moses wrapped in bulrushes entered Egypt” it was too strong of a picture so I suggested a rest and to buy lunch for Maher and his driver—but, he had already planned the rest of the afternoon, lunch at his home. Over an hour's ride to Giza with stops at a bakery for wonderful bread, first tasted by his driver for freshness, then stopping on the road next to two rather shaky tents—but it was a stop for the mango orchard on the other side of the road—we all accompanied the driver into the shade and listened to the bartering and tasting and smelling and it was so difficult to convince them that we couldn't take a bushel to Istanbul with us the following day — the driver received a present of the overripe ones from Maher—and, then on to his home. He then told us that he was the son of the original chieftain of modern Giza—the same person who had lived in Britain and consulted with—I don't remember which King George — beautifully kept stucco houses—light orange—and before we went inside to

meet his family he showed us his own irrigation system and well — the heat was in the hundreds, yet inside it was comfortably cool — and, one by one his five children paraded out in front of us in the finest of outing clothes and then his wife — a beautiful woman — we never learned her name or the childrens' — before lunch he changed into a galabaya and his wife changed into a thōb to show us the clothes of the village-for occasions — he wore western clothes since that was the sign of the modern man — they looked extraordinary — the dress was handed down in the family over four generations and Maher's gown had taken two months of intense hand embroidery — and when Olivia and I left he gave them to us — his family quietly disappeared except for his wife who brought in a remarkable feast and again disappeared leaving Olivia, Maher and myself to the food—the finest roast lamb and kidneys and liver and fried potatoes and yogurt, that I was afraid to eat, and beautifully prepared eggplant slices the bread and finally the most wonderful mangos that we had previously picked. The sweetness was from the unexpected view from his dining room window of the pyramid of Cheops. It was then about 5:00 and he took us to his tent on the desert to rest from the excitement of the day. A huge tent larger than our house-made entirely by Bedouin women, appliqued, more magnificent than Chartres. It was quite cool and a manservant prepared tea — always facing away from us — and the talk was quiet and very personal — as Olivia lay in one corner, Maher and I discussed her price — he had selected a woman instead of a girl, a person who would understand the ways of children much more effectively, and her price had been nine hundred pounds — he loved to learn about the west — and we were both completely open in the most intimate of ways — we slept — and then the cool sunset — no sounds — not even from the few dogs running near the tent — I had found a place in which to live — I could reflect — Maher was my only brother, I saw Olivia and him walking out near the horizon as the pyramids turned to mauve, then purple and cool blue — and his galabaya, black against the sky — I had seen every Bergman movie — but not this intimately — and when he approached me he handed me a polished pebble he had picked up on the desert, still warm — and only said, "look, like the tree."





Episode

*"great forest-book"*

6. She (Gārgī Vācakovī) said: "That, O Yājñavalkya, which is above the sky, that which is beneath the earth, that which is between these two, sky and earth, that which people call the past and the present and the future — across what is that woven, warp and woof?"

7. He said: "... across space alone is that woven, warp and woof." "Across what then, pray, is space woven, warp and woof?"

8. He said: "That, O Gārgī, *brāhmins* call the Imperishable. It is not coarse, not fine, not short, not long, not glowing (like fire), not adhesive (like water), without shadow and without darkness, without air and without space, without stickiness, (intangible), odorless, tasteless, without eye, without ear, without voice, without wind, without energy, without breath, without mouth, (without personal or family name, unaging, undying, without fear, immortal, stainless, not uncovered, not covered), without measure, without inside and without outside ...

11. "Verily, O Gārgī, that Imperishable is the unseen Seer, the unheard Hearer, the unthought Thinker, the ununderstood Understander. Other than It there is naught that sees ... hears ... thinks ... understands. Across this Imperishable, O Gārgī, is space woven, warp and woof."

(Brhadaranyaka Upanisad III.viii. 6-8,11)

KOALD 53:  
With one blink  
this green room  
placidly sighs



Epode

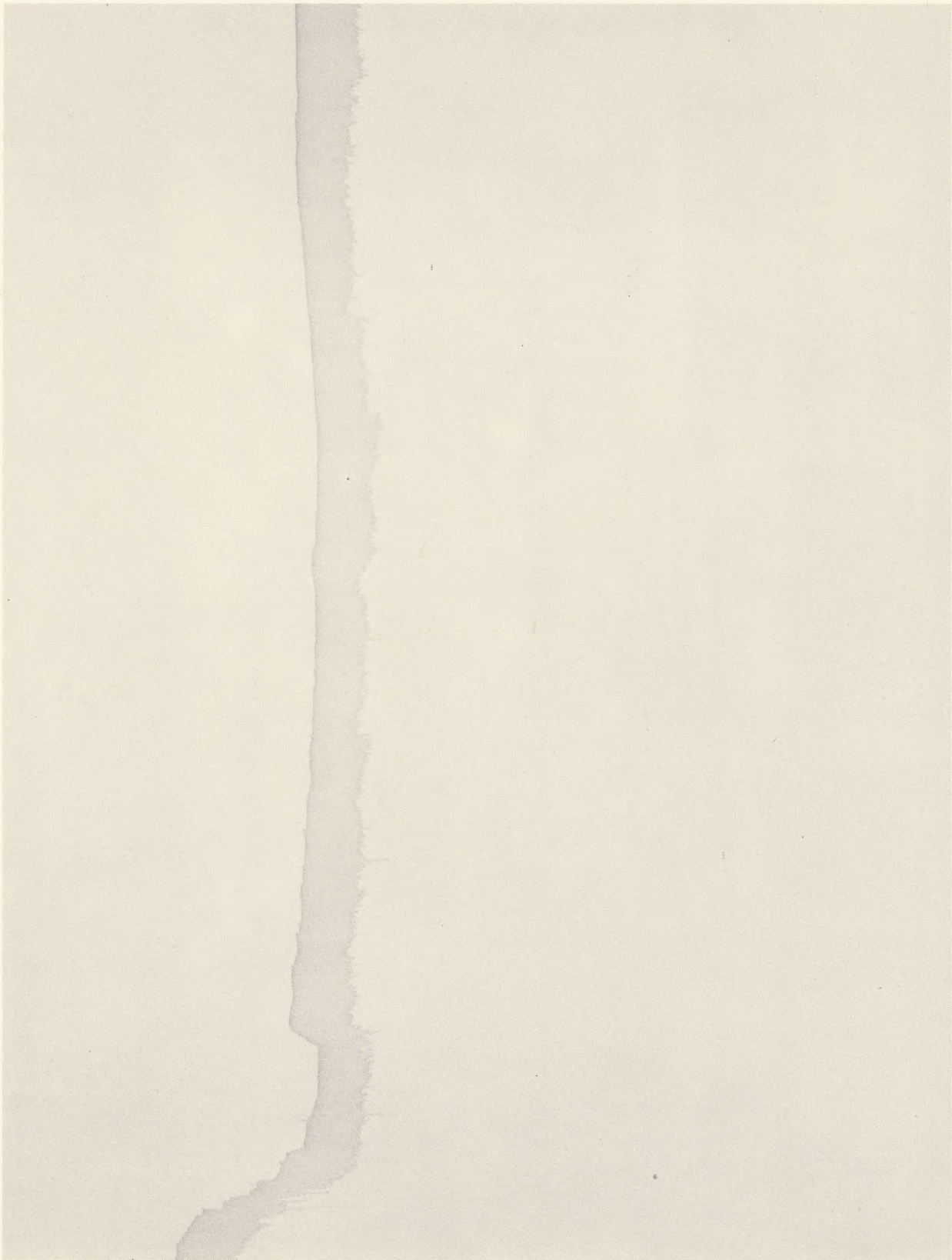
the heart has not generated hatred,  
but speech has generated hatred

mustard, pistachio, nuts, sweet mixed drink,  
meal of roast grain, thyme, sagapenum,  
into wine in a small copper vessel, you  
shall pour and smear on a skin, you shall  
bind it on him, he will live.

One of the oldest love poems in the world contained in this Sumerian tablet included a sketch of the sacred marriage rite when the king and the high priestess celebrated the rebirth of the God Dumuzi, and the fecundity of the Goddess Inanna with love songs and joyous music, and this poem was read at the New Years festival.

Bridegroom-dear to my heart  
Lion, dear to my heart,  
You, because you love me  
Lion, give me pray of your caresses  
the lord my God, the Lord my good Genu  
My Shu-Sin who gladdens the heart of Enid  
Give me pray of your caresses

(18th C. B.C.)

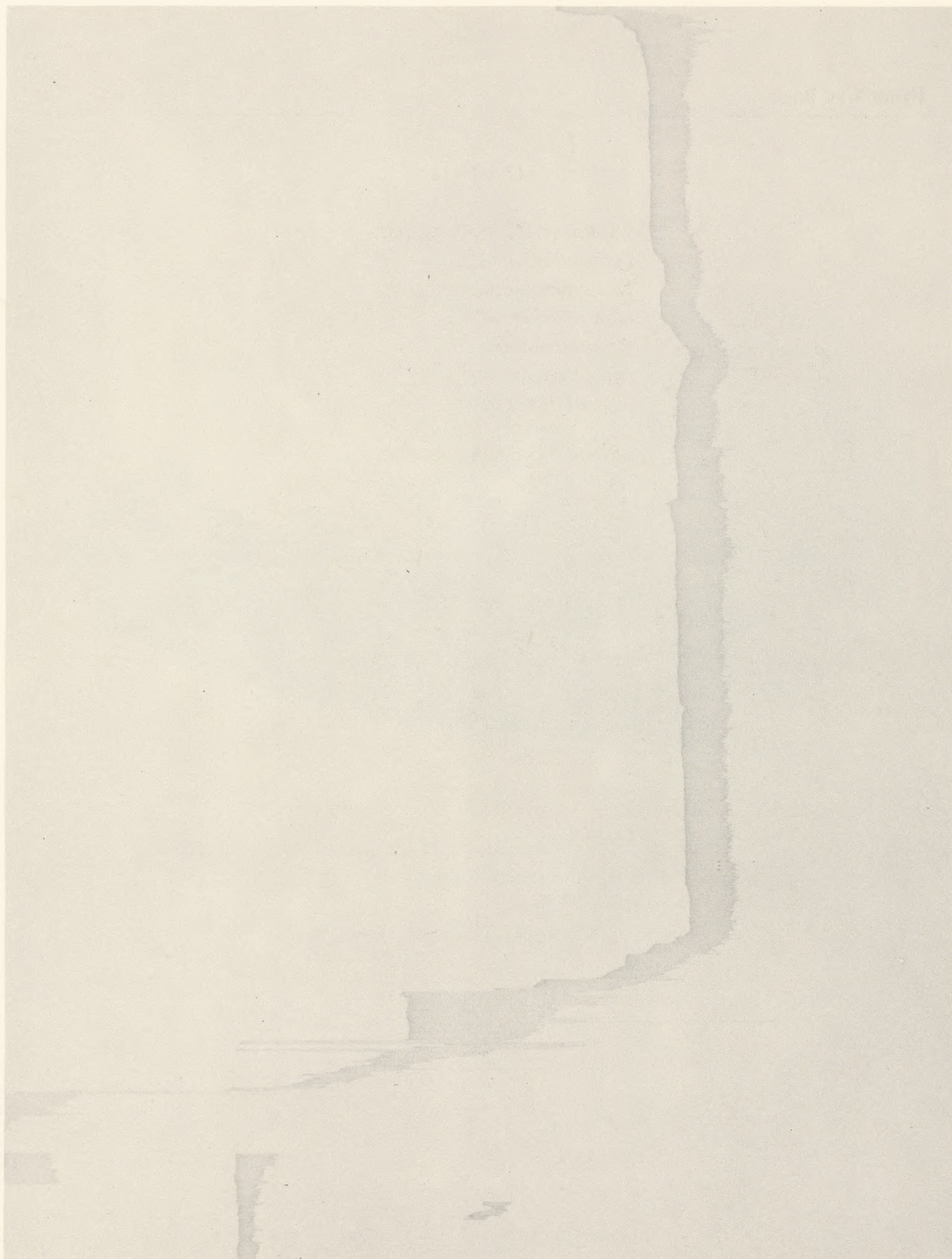


Strands , Gold Air

*LITAANIA*

*Lahkumineku kollane lind,  
lankumineku kaljud,  
lahkumineku pilkane laul,  
lahkumineku välk,  
lahkumineku mõõk,  
lahkumineku kõrb,  
lahkumineku haav,  
  
aga sellest on kasvamas tiivad.*

Aleksis Rannit



From Way Back

Pacan

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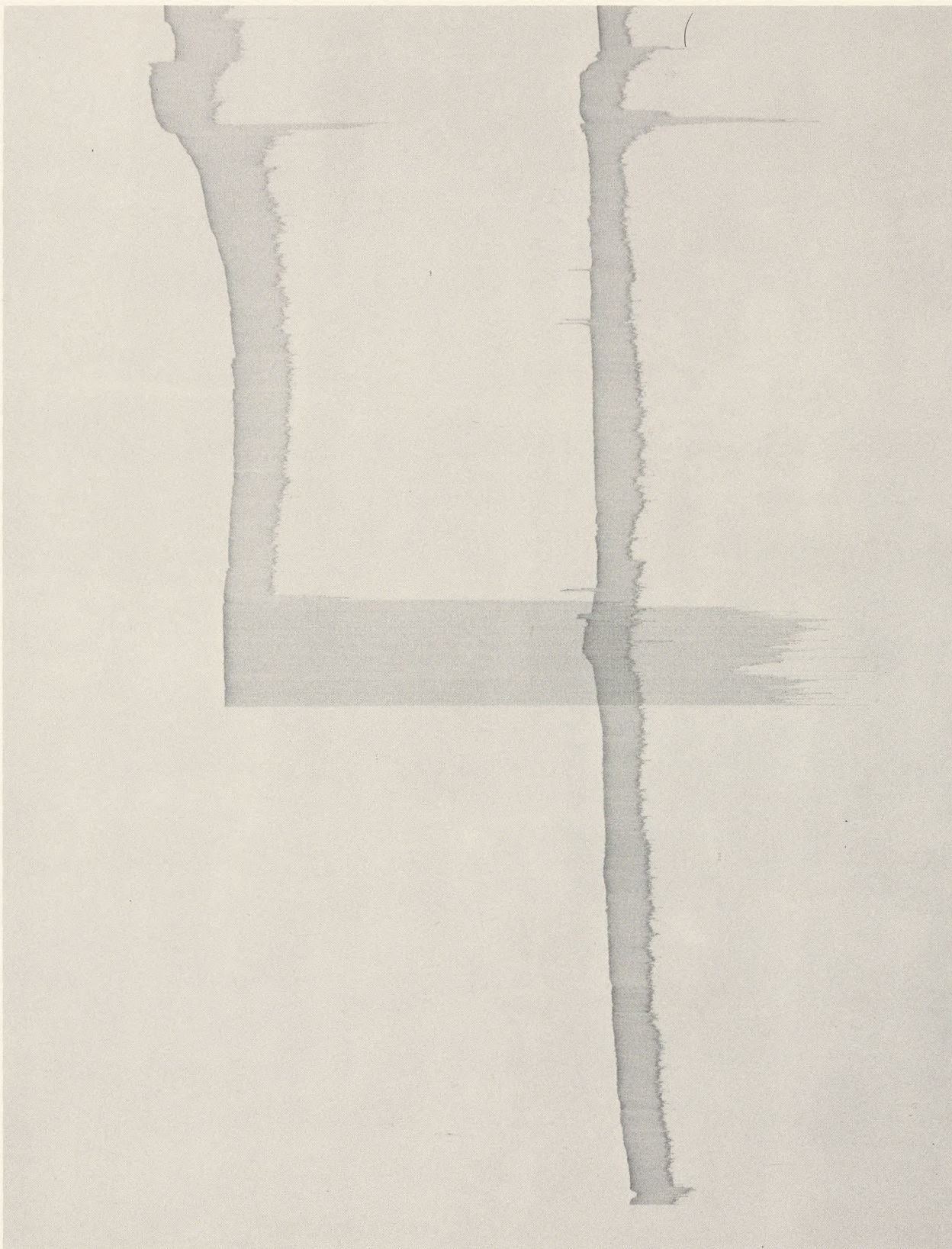
Arm

Homopoeic Amulet (like, or same, and I do, or make)

Bent *Qeb*; forearm *Remen*

power of action

circa VI dynasty, Cf. Petrie, Amulets



Paeon

